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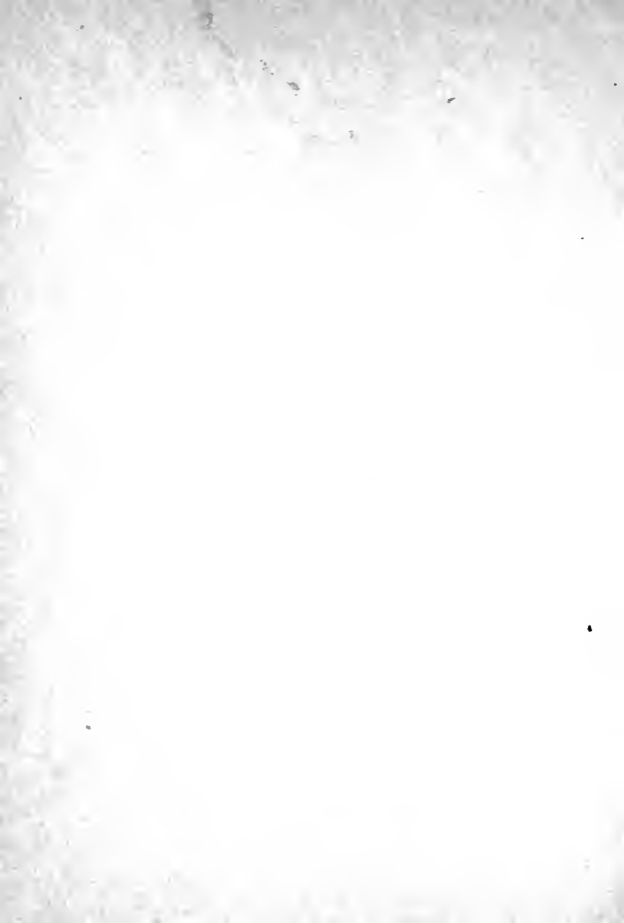
SONGS of a DREAM

By

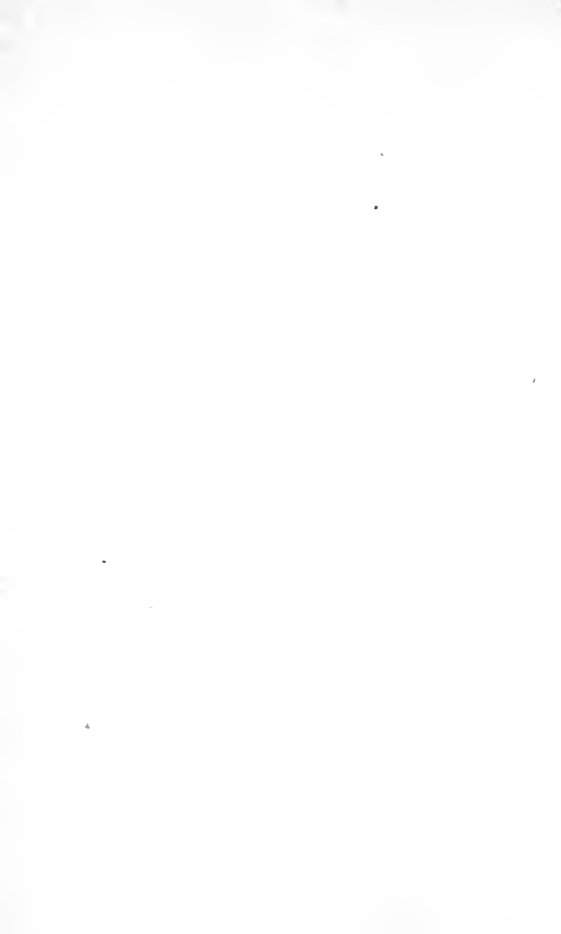
Alfred James Fritchey











SONGS OF A DREAM

By

ALFRED JAMES FRITCHEY

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SONGS OF A DREAM**I****The Dream**

This I dreamed : on some rose lawn
Song I made a far land sings ;
Honeyed as the lips of Dawn
Singing to the sea-harp's strings.

One could magically change,
And how often followed thro',
Had the same theme's beauty strange,
Yet had words forever new.

That is why I day by day
Borrow bud and flower's gleam,
Hoping e'er to weave a lay
Like the wonder of my dream.

II**The Treasure Case**

In some hid vale I saw a case
Of jewels richly set and bound ;
Fit to adorn a seraph's face—
Such treasure seldom hath been found.

Tipt were some exquisite with fire
Fit for the highest diadems ;

As if the rainbow did aspire
To melt her colors into gems.

And some were rare enamels bright
In symbols as do please the eyes,
That to the stricken gave delight;
And wisdom could give to the wise.

It was the treasure case—it ran—
Of words that are sublimely kind,
That angels use to talk to man,
Which mortals hold so hard to find.

III

The Outer Rim

The lips of those austere with exultation
I heard;
Who stand by the meek fount of Inspiration,
So myrrhed
With sweetness, the heart in twin pang's elation
Is tearful stirred.

Those august ones do not know tears however;
Their hearts
Are turned to subtler richness, and joy never
Departs
Entirely, tho' a sadness marked doth sever
What Heaven most imparts.

They are robed in such grandeurs that the air,
 In meetness,
Blooms, feeling Adoration's lilies there,
 And Sweetness,
They know such joys 'twould burst our hearts to
 share
 Them in completeness.

I was upon the outer rim alone,
 Of grace ;
And yet each little drop like eyed prayers shone,
 Clear to trace.
Methought as I grieved for my sins, that one
 Drop plashed into my face.

IV

The Archangel

Now the archangel hath grace rare,
 And his eyelids shut like one
Who hath heard music in God's chair
 Regent for Heaven's sun.
His glances have such splendor, he
 Reads a life at a look ;
While his minute's thought, on earth would be,
 A million worded book.

Robed is he in a loveliness
Of vestments all afire,
Whose flame is weird in peerlessness
Of meet august attire.
And the tones of his voice cadencing
When low his accents fall,
Are melodies that light and sing
In worlds innumerable.

V

Behind the Veil

Behind the Veil are lovely forms, o'erflowing
With radiant charm death has so well refined;
Forms fair as roses in their prime, rich-glowing,
Alive to all delights of sense and mind.

Not clothed in flesh, but in flesh-like perfection;
Raised by sublimity from mortal throe;
Knowing too sadness to show some selection
In that high loveliness they most do know.

Raised till the mortal touch doth seem pollution;
For 'tis repugnant to their senses fine.
And they can love, from woe giv'n full ablution,
Expanding to emotions, rich, divine.

VI

The New Born in the First Heaven

Nay, turn thine eyes away, thou peerless one!

For I am not

Fitted for it; of thine high company none,

But full of sin and blot.

Nay, turn thine eyes away and let me sit

Down by the least and lesser be

In this conclave of joy, and used to it

Maybe I shall grow in eternity.

APPLE AND ELM

Now, apple-blooms curl enviedly;
And many lovers have they too.
For weddings they most charming be;
They do adorn nativity,
With all life's richness slumb'ring thro'.

But I can never gaze on trees,
Laden with the elm's spring delight,
The pale-green pledge of the year bright,
But in a realm of sudden peace
I am, that outsplendors daylight.

TITANIA

Sweet Titania, the fair
In the woods slumbereth there.
A tiar' embossed with pearls
Lies by her unruly curls.
Like the tint of June-blue skies,
Folded round her wrinkle-wise,
Is her robe, whereon do gleam
Hyacinths as white as cream.
There are rings, whereon are set
Ladybug for amulet,
Glow-worm and fox-fire too
On her fingers tapering thro'.
O, the stillness of her sleep,
As the butterflies guard keep,
And her high-born eyelids tell
Of the land where her thoughts dwell!

WILD STRAWBERRIES

Upon a hill where shone the distant bay
We gathered berries on a cloudless day;
Strawberries crimson, of so sweet a flavor
That one who tasted could eat on forever;
Wild and unvisited, save who their stem
Knoweth in season, and who loveth them;
So modest set amid each pale-green stalk
That one who sought them not, could overwalk.
And such is poesy; tho' hid it lies
Marvel of beauty to the poet's eyes;
A berry, crimson, of so sweet a flavor,
That whoso tasteth could eat on forever.

THE FOUNTAIN

Dropping,

Dropping,

Dropping,

In its lustrous sheen .

The fountain of the onyx fount

Droppeth o'er the green ;

And each drop liquescent falls a richer colour seen.

Flying,

Flying,

Flying,

Minutes o'er and o'er,

But the tumbling water

Droppeth evermore ;

Like a poet's fancy pouring from its crystal store.

Raining,

Raining,

Raining,

With its iris spray,

The jetting water curveth

In the sunlight gay,

Like the bubbling spring of Life in Youth's early
May.

Laughing,
Laughing,
Laughing,

In its glowing hale
Wealth of rushing water
Like a bridal veil.

And its drops fall like the laughter under moonlight
pale.

Blowing,
Blowing,
Blowing,

As the wind betide
Bloweth in the shade or sun
Teardrops full of pride;

And the voice of many children sounds on every side.

Ever,
Ever,
Ever,

The flowing water goes;
And the tumbling water falls
Over snow and rose:

Till I feel that life is like this fount without a close.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

Aucassin and Nicolette,
Once the old love-tale I took
From the library where 'twas set
(A quaint decorated book,
And a charming tale to get—
Aucassin and Nicolette!)
And to the librarian old
For to stamp the book did hold.

Aucassin and Nicolette,
How she smiles this book to get!
Murmuring their names as tho'
Honeyed charm did with them go.
You and I, librarian, now
Are neither youth nor age I trow;
But as lovers we are met
O'er Aucassin and Nicolette.

AT MALAGA

Decked with the luscious fruit of purple dye,
At Malaga superb the vineyards lie;
Color congealed the grapes are, from the hills,
And all the air a purple radiance fills.

Voices of maid and children in the dale
Blend with the tranquil notes of dove and quail.
And the pomegranite laughs by many a road,
Proud over baskets with their purple load.

The air is as a purple bird that flies
Has left rich trail—some bird of paradise—
Hinting of all the pomp of purple things,
Proud-passioned love and bacchanals of kings.

YACUTA

Who is it rides a white horse astride
Down the long lane of almond bloom,
In crimson and gold the Calif beside,
When all earth revels in spring's perfume?
Who is it everyone's eye engages
Who sees her escort, knowing not her?
Who but the charmingest of pages!
Who but Yacuta, the Calif's daughter!

Who is it set up a fountain fair
That when she pressed a bulb did spray
The Calif, wetting his august hair,
And making him change his grand array?
Who is it makes most annoying raids
For which any other were doomed for slaughter?
Who but Yacuta, dearest of maids!
Who but Yacuta, the Calif's daughter!

Who is it the Calif loved they say
So well, that when she died he never
Would look at a woman for many a day,
Pining in grief by a fountain ever;
Thinking of all her lovely ways,
Dainty fragments of verse he taught her?
Who but the darlingest of fays!
Who but Yacuta, the Calif's daughter!

Who is it in the middle air
That we on earth do know as Heaven,
Down flowered colonnade so fair
Rides, sins and cruel deeds forgiven
Because of one great love he bore
By Bagdad's shining, pearly water,
Now with that sweet maid evermore;
Now with Yacuta, the Calif's daughter?
The Calif!

THE FALLEN LEAF

The argent revelries of spring are fled;
The first shy splendor of the snowdrop pure,
The satin gauze wrapped new-born buds secure,
With wistful, silver snows have vanished.

And that great argosy into the dawn,
Where from afar was brought back silver fleece,
To glistening dower budding plants and trees,
Seems like some silver dream of poet gone.

Still from the dawn is clipt the argent wool;
Of grander argosies the subtle proof—
For on a fallen leaf I saw its woof,
Silvered with beaded drops full beautiful.

SHATRUNJAYA O'ER TARAWALI DEAD

Like a gull in the surf
That has made his last flight,
Tired of sea and of turf,
My heart is tonight;
It will soar to incomparable depth, but no more to
height.

While she lies, pale and calm,
Where she stood regal fair;
And winged odors embalm
Her curved breast and fall'n hair:
But the hate that laid her there has turned to unutterable despair.

What is this that I did
With the noose of my lute?
Slain, and by ire bid,
Toiling years' choicest fruit,
Which the howling years ne'er shall re-make, earth's
gardens ever be mute!

O the lute that I took
From the home of my sire,
Whose sweet strings have struck
Forth such sadness and fire,
You are traitor, for one of your strings has strangled
my soul's one desire!

Tarawali, the rare,
Peerless of her kind,
Whose eyes, lips and hair
Were a lute to my mind,
Lies shattered, the splendid lute mocked by the wind.

That night on the lake
When her limbs seemed to be
Rose-flake on rose-flake,
And molded to me:—
But death now has molded her into love's loveliest
mockery.

And the lotuses there
In that lake by the wood
Were wont to greet her
As their human-grown bud,
Will look now in vain for her carvel to pass in amor-
ous mood.

Ah, gentleness made
Great atone for her wrong;
And I whom pride played,
And blind rage made so strong,
Am dumb at the sight of the melody I have stilled
long.

How the lies that they said
Now on me fallen are:
And her grave, queenly head
Seems to hold that great star:
While her silence says we will meet never, on earth
or afar.

And the sunsets I blest
For the nectar they brought
Will long stain the west
And ever be naught;
For one was a hangman who noosed my soul fear-
fully caught.

THE WATERFALL

O, the glorious waterfall!
Plashing, foaming over all,
With its freshness and its fullness of the skies;
With its grandeur pent and wild,
Heaven-nurtured, undefiled,
How its dew envelopes all with pleasure's eyes!

How it comes from snows and glazes
In the utmost, secret places!
How it filters thro' the deep, untainted air!
Till it sparkles forth at last
In a shower falling fast
Over flower, fern and mosses, bright and fair.

And if I a winged seed
Were, that floated o'er the mead,
Seeking where to find what pleasure toppeth all,
I would drop upon thy brink,
Burst and flower, just to drink
Up thy freshness and thy glory, waterfall!

QUATRAINS**I****The Unknown**

Behold an angel, large and drooping-winged,
And raven-clad there stood within my room;
And cinders dark and spiritual there fell:
And then I pressed mine eyes but felt no gloom.

II**Ambition for Power**

I saw a saber, long and sharp and thin,
And double-edged and handel there was none;
And none could hold, nay none could seize the blade
Except it sorely cut the seizing one.

III**Necessity**

But being by a fisherman, he hooked
A shark, and tho' all day he fished the sea,
Catching naught else, he took the shark and smiled.
"Sharks are not bad to eat" said he.

IV**Love**

Then in a boundless desert I beheld
A bloom like butterfly, frail-winged and gay;
And lo! its fragrance filled th' entire air;
But when I stopped to pluck, it flew away.

V**The Common Lot**

No wonder men pretend what they are not,
When malice e'er sits, croaking like a toad!
How many hide their sorrows, smile and go
Out from their fellows on the long, dark road.

VI**Happiness**

It was a land where bubbles all were blown
Out of the perfume of the rarest flowers;
And each was imaged with the dream desired,
But strange, the bubbles all were broke by showers.

VII**Inspiration**

Then inspiration touched my lips and I
Was 'neath a fount whose drops shone in the
wind;
And all the eyed drops became winged darts
That went forth gloriously among mankind.

VIII**Hope**

But we will not forever bubbles blow
And have them broke by shower and by wind;
Somewhere there is a realm of light and mind
Where all the aspirations of the heart do grow.

IX

Sylvan Beauty

Scarlet the light is on the oleander ;
And golden-flecked the streamlet doth meander ;
And lilac pollen-headed are the fair
Acacias trembling in the waters there.

X

Dreamers

Ah, dreamers they are happiest on earth,
For they are those unmocked by life or birth ;
Unmocked by time, they lose one dream, and still—
They dream—those lotus-eaters without fill.

XI

Delight

And bathing in a purple pool, the spray
Of countless, perfumed jets did on me play ;
And every jet was of a different scent,
As when one smells an elegant bouquet.

THE HORNED TOAD

In the California lowlands, far from the Sierra's
snowlands,

In the valleys dotted with the fig and vine,
Lives an odd and squatty creature, a bizarre, im-
pressive feature

Of the land where tropic fruits delight to shine.

They have sung his praises early, for he's never mean
nor surly,

Tho' he's full of spines and warts and is a toad,
And one reason he is happy, is the weeds are large
and sappy,

And there grow a million weeds by every road.

O, from Siskiyou to Yuma, of the plants that range
and bloom, a

Most bewildering variety there set is;
And of all that radiant flora, bugs and slugs that
cut and bore a

Hole, are rogues this ranger eats up like a lettuce.

O, the snows fall oft on Shasta!—and when Whitney
feels the blast, a

Chain of snow-peaks borders California fair;

And the fumes are thick on Lassen from volcanic
cholers passin',
But the horned toad romps his lowlands free from
care.

They can revel and can dally in Del Rey or Mexicali,
Or at Capistrano penance for some sin;
But what men in light or shadow do in Niles or
Coronado,
Ne'er disturbs the horned toad from his happy
grin.

They can drink life's gayest chalice in Del Monte or
Dos Palos,
They can toil at Carmel for fame's trophies vain;
But on mankind's way of living, the horned toad no
thought is giving
In his tranquil, California-verdent plain.

THE NEW ARRIVAL

I was pageanted with glory in some hollow of the
hills;

Startled with a high-born wonder, following some
brooklet's rills;

For I heard a great rejoicing like from some ser-
aphic band,

And I wondered if I was at home or in some alien
land.

O, the bluebird sang above a bed which poppies
wrapped in gold;

And the lilacs sent mauve taper flames to wake the
brooklet cold;

And the buckeye lit a thousand candles of a crimson
hue:

O, it was the birth of springtime, but I did not know
'twas due.

THE GOLDEN LAND OF SHOWERS

When showers have made grasses green
In spring,
And in the west white clouds are seen
Rolling,
And sunset's lovely tints so fair,
Upon the clouds so debonaire.
Made angel figures shining there
Showing!

How very pleasant o'er the grass
Peeping,
It is to see the pageants pass
Singing;
High over on the clouds so fair
The angels bright and debonaire,
And some but babies over there
Dancing!

O come and see the festivals
Chanting,
That may be seen in Heaven's halls
Glowing,
When swept by showers the skies appear!
Bright forms celestial and dear,
And star-eyed all, to earth so near
Treading!

And I have thought since childhood I,
 Gazing,
Might some day some loved form espy
 Walking;
But tho' the many forms so bright
Go by in robes full exquisite,
Not yet one known has caught my sight
 Passing.

HANNAH WHITE

There's a new note in the spring,
 Hannah White,
Since I saw you first, blushing
 Hannah White;
But there's too a note of grief,
Culling like a winged thief
From each fairest budding leaf,
 Hannah White.

O, what rapture and what joy,
 Hannah White,
When I first beheld you, coy
 Hannah White!
But you give no more to me,
But averted looks that be
Careless of my constancy,
 Hannah White.

Have I hurt or done you wrong,
 Hannah White?
That the spring's enchanting song,
 Hannah White,
Seems no more so gay and fond
Tougt by some magician's wand?
Will your eyes no more respond,
 Hannah White?

A MORN IN CALIFORNIA

At dawn I heard the flight of birds
 Across the sky, faint-flushed with light;
A melody of hurried words
 They seemed to me in their swift flight.

Drowsy with slumber out I gazed
 And saw flamed oleanders there;
While Spring, the blithe, with beauty graced
 The gardens far as eye could fare.

The languor of delicious rest
 Was on me like a perfume dim:
I felt like some gnat in the nest
 f some rose curled to cradle him.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS

In the House of the Seven Daughters
Their sandals are golden I trow,
And their kirtles are finely embroidered
With tulip's and poppy's rich glow;
Their goblets are chaste and enameled;
Their basins are silver I guess;
But there isn't a maid of the seven
Surpasses my maid of one dress.

In the House of the Seven Daughters
They move with much grace I am told;
And their earrings and silk-netted hair-veils
Are wrought of lace, seed-pearls and gold.
Their features are splendidly molded;
Their voices are sweet as a bell;
But there isn't a maid of the seven
Compares with my maid of the well.

In the House of the Seven Daughters
They pass with the steps of a faun;
And the worker who sculptures in marble
Their figures has exquisite drawn.
But there isn't on frieze or on cornice,
In Athens or anywhere known,
Gold-sandaled or sandaled with jewels
Like the bare-footed lassie I own.

CROESUS' WISH

Cover my couch with maple leaves,
In scarlet and in yellow sheen;
Simplicity's most gentle weaves
Let my last couch be seen.
Tear from my quilt the golden fringe;
The seeded pearls strow them elsewhere;
There will be none then come to cringe
When I lie silent, paupered there.

I who in life was tricked by show;
Passed out life's blossom for a gem;
In purple splendors lived aglow;
And rich with rubied diadem;
Desire no false honors spread
When silent is the breast now heaves.
Envied alive, unenvied dead,
Cover my couch with maple leaves!

EACH HAS HIS WAY

Some like the hail and the showers,
The storm and the tempest's dark strife;
Some like the sun and the flowers,
A cot and a calm shepherd's life.
O, each has his way,
Be it what it may:
Some will be grave and some will be gay.

Some like the ocean's vast play-ground,
The free and the boundless, and frown
That some a cell in some byway ground
Like, where there's scarce room to kneel down.
O, each has his way,
Be it what it may:
Some will be grave and some will be gay.

Some like the heavens and soar there;
Light's glories and all there might be;
And some like the earth, and adore there
All things that are flesh and earthly.
O, each has his way,
Be it what it may:
Some will be grave and some will be gay.

LOVE'S DOMAIN

Thro' mustard that yellowed the hill,
 'Neath cloudlets so fleecy and white,
We wandered as fond lovers will,
 Till we came to a tree on the height.
Ah me, love's domain is a world!

 When from the hill's crown 'tis espied
O'er a hamlet so peacefully curled,
 Ah me, love's domain is full wide!

Since then I have wandered o'er seas;
 Have climbed over bleak mountains high;
Have trod in strange lands; none of these
 Have had what I fain would espy.
Ah me, love's domain tho' a world
 Must be in a realm long espied,
In a hamlet so peacefully curled
 Where the mustard blows o'er the hill-side.

DESOLATION'S FLOWER

Here on the beach where frets the flowing surf

I found a poem of an antique mold,

Which nature made in some fantastic mood

And buried 'neath a million years of turf:

Starred like the bloom that mystic marshes hold,

Where desolation reigns, and solitude

Howls in a silence to a dead moon stark.

This tablet has the rippling ages mark!

It is a shell-fish of an age o'erthrown:

A conscious something turned into a stone.

THE ELM

There is no tree
So blossomy
In the whole realm of freedom
As the elm is he.

Against the sky
On his branches high
How the pale green bouquets
Seize the eye!

In the radiant air,
On the branches bare,
Of the stately tree shine
Seed-wings fair.

As if there dropt
From the rain just stopt,
A subtle influence the
Bare boughs topt:

That spiritually
Drew forth from the tree,
The soul to shine there
Celestially.

THE SHY DAMSEL

He will speak no more to me, mother,
He will speak no more I know,
For I answered his question rude, mother,
Being then frightened so.
Being filled with such melody, mother,
That all my words came dim;
He will speak no more to me, mother,
And I cannot speak to him.

He will speak no more to me, mother,
And the days will very long be:
And to think how I waited, mother,
For the day he would speak to me.
But I was so frightened, mother,
I answered his question cold;
And I cannot speak to him, mother,
For that would be too bold.

He will speak no more to me, mother,
And now that careless girl
Who has not my shyness, mother,
Will set his head in a whirl!
And maybe will marry him, mother,
And my heart it will bleed sore.
I might have known him, mother;
He will speak to me no more.

THE JONQUILS

The jonquils spring
By stream meandering,
So fair
They seem like topazes blown there.

So fair they shine
Mellower than rare wine,
They seem
To have quaffed some celestial beam.

And should one come
Sudden upon their bloom,
Right here
In the spear-grass glittering mere.

He would not know
If topazes did grow,
Or bloom
From heaven o'erflowing down did come.

DAVID BARRY

David Barry, how's the fishing over there on Gut
Creek now?

How's the trail that hugs the Swayback, leading up
to Lookout's brow?

How's the salmon flies for fishing that I hunted and
you gave?

Also, how's your sister, Dave?

David Barry, how's the hunting now for squirrels
and for jacks?

Have you seen a deer or any bear or mountain lion
tracks?

Have you caught a chipmunk or that gray fox—such
a cunning knave—

Also, how's your sister, Dave?

David Barry, how's the swimming down at Mussel
Rock where we

Ducked each other just last summer in the white
surf of the sea?

Have you stubbed your toes there lately on the rocks
beneath the wave?

Also, how's your sister, Dave?

REMINISCOR

O wondrous flower in the prime of bloom,
What visions of Love's woodland thou recallst!
Thy perfect blending of a matchless theme
So beautiful in life, seems like the first
Soft blush of love to maiden's cheek. Perhaps
Thy sprout lay bursting from the seed, that day
Now long ago, when one I cherished most
Had led me thro' the forest's tangled maze.
The sturdy Oaks were wondrous living souls
So gently breathing from a myriad leaves,
And clinging frailly, like a tender wife,
The graceful Ivy twined their rugged forms.
So under Nature's canopy the Moss
And Ferns and delicate Hypaticas
Were brothers nearer than the race of Man
How happy too was I on that fond day!
How like the music of the birds his voice
To me! And how within my feelings surged
With gladsome tide too great for utterance!
That same dear Heart sleeps now beneath the bush
That bore this flow'r. Myself I placed it there,
Dug from our wood of Love's sweet memory.
And from this bed of weariness, which I
Can never hope to leave, with buttercups
I see the Meadow gild his resting-place.

O wondrous flower in the prime of bloom,
How beautiful is Life! How sad is Death!

THE MAGICAL FLUTE

I sat by the ocean shore
And I heard the soft tones of a flute,
O, the magical tones of a flute!
Coming up from the ocean and o'er,
As if one that long had been mute
Was blowing his ecstasy through't.

It came from the depth of the sea,
And then it danced over the land,
Dancing close to where I was on land,
So elfish and musically,
That I wondered if witched was the sand;
Yet I heard not a foot-beat or hand.

But the penguins came in from the sea
And they gathered in circle around,
Yes, the magical flute quite around,
And they danced to its rhymical glee
As if each a lost mate had found,
Till their blithesomeness covered the ground.

They danced till the sun was quite low
And the flute with a sharp break was still,
O, a piercing sharp break ere 'twas still,
And the penguins stopped dancing as though
Life broke at the flute's magic will;
Oh, they never their dream would fulfill.

And the magical flute,
I am wondering who blew't;
For over the sea and the land
The penguins are roving
So solemn, unloving,
There's no more of joy in their band.

For never in life,
Though I've oft heard a fife
And many a reed and a lute,
Have I heard notes by chance
That could make penguins dance
Like the tones of that magical flute.

YOUTH'S DREAM

There are many lovely maidens,
And I note them as they go;
Dark-fringed are some their lashes,
And some are gold I know.
I sometimes think their flesh is
Finer than in man spun:
There are many lovely maidens,
But I have none.

There are many lovely maidens
I would walk with thro' woods;
And some have breasts like pretty pears,
Some like magnolia buds.
They do not know their tones to me
Like cherub notes do run.
There are many lovely maidens
But I have none.

There are many lovely maidens
Whom grace and charm allot
To raise above the mortal plane
Altho' they know it not.
I sigh, and gaze upon them,
Thinking each that perfect one.
There are many lovely maidens
But I have none.

THE HOLLYHOCKS

All the hollyhocks I know
As I walk my garden thro',
And I like them too, altho'
They are but a family new.

They are simple-minded, yes,
And they have no pedigree;
But they have a knack of dress
That has quite a charm for me.

Their grandfather was a clown
To the tulips long ago;
But they try to live it down,
And I like them, I allow.

THE WINDS OF SUISUN

The west wind blows, and blissful seas
Are in the salt tang of its breeze.

It has the savor of the deep :
Of rich, warm, splendid isles asleep
With bloom exotic, and the calm
Of purple seas that lave the palm.

The north wind blows, and in its breeze
There is the hint of wrathful seas ;
Of bleak expanses where the shore
Is icy-rimed and glaciers pour
Down slow crevasses to the sea,
While whiteness ruleth regally.

The east wind blows, and all the air
Is tinged with blossomed plum and pear,
The first blooms of the hillside too
Add fragrance, with scents ever new,
Until this breeze is like the scent
Of some rare box of enchantment.

The south wind blows, and lolling in
Bays of rolling tourmaline
The fancies are, where mountains run
Gold-mottled to a golden sun ;
While precious pearls the divers glean
Out of the depths ultramarine.

TIME

Time he mellows all things, yea,
Greater-hearted than To-day,
Shallow, caustic never he
Is as Now strives oft to be.
He hath gentleness and vision
As have those in fields Elysian.
Nothing will be lost that e'er
Doth a hidden worth enfold;
Time he hath a realm of gold
Where he holdeth all things fair.

SARDANAPOLIS

Sarndanapolis, the monarch,
In his canopy of state
Sits. His brow is stern and awful;
And his wives in terror great
Crouch upon the marble stairways
Robed as for a scene of mirth.
Sardanapolis, the mighty,
Holds his last great court on earth.

Locked are all the doors and guarded;
None may enter, none may leave;
And an air of tragic beauty
Haunts the place from floor to eave.
For the fatal torch is lighted
And the fatal words are said
Sardanapolis, the splendid,
Goes a king forth to the dead.

But the king whose choice is daring,
And whose word rules like a sword,
Had a rival in the palace
When the gaunt flames leapt and roared.
And the women who had feared him,
Fearing now the flame far more,
Ran and pounded on the portals,
Wailed upon the polished floor.

Only so the other women,
For a stately one there was
Who endured the coming torture
As if some grand fete should pass,
Circled by her clinging children,
In dark loveliness serene.
Sardanapolis, the monarch,
Knew then who was truly queen.

Flashing in the hall a fountain
Placid stood before the throne,
Carved of tiger-banded agate,
And like dripping ice it shone.
While each jet a perfume spouted
Out a veil which color marks
Like a fragile ring of water
Of a dozen, different arcs.

In this great curved marble basin
With its cooling, perfumed rain,
Petted darlings of the palace
Crowded to escape the pain
Of the blue caressing flame-tongues,
To be crowded out in turn
Till they sprawled on floor and basin
Like Dore's great Bacchic urn.

Gorgeous, glittering, terrifying,
Was the funeral pyre of him
Whose word had might's seal of power
In receding ages dim;
For Assyria's pride could never .
See her dynasty o'erthrown,
So the flame wiped out the stigma
In her halls of polished stone.

And the conqueror who entered
That great city and first came
Where Assyria's royal family
Passed out in their robes of flame,
Found like spring-bud peeping out from
Sere leaves of the Autumn's fall
One stray, lovely, living maiden
In the center of it all.

KARNAK

In Karnak, when Karnak was young
And her halls were fresh-carven from stone,
When her temples were famously sung,
And the names of her builders were known,
There were two for the hand of a maid,
Who was weaver of robes for the state;
The one was a sculptor renowned,
The other the guard at the gate.

The sculptor to Pharaoh had ear
And he said: "Sire, the work of my hands
Is yours and all tribute they bring;
Your fame has gone forth to all lands.
I asked no reward as you know;
I ask now a boon small but great;
I crave neither riches nor show
But the maiden who weaves for the state."

"I'll talk," Pharaoh said, "with the maid,
And tell you what actions befall.
I am lord of the lives of my men,
Of the hearts of my maids, not at all.
I can order and it is obeyed;
She will go forth a bride at my voice.
But experience has proven that brides,
Unless royal, should have some slight choice."

“May it please you,” the sculptor exclaimed,
“If you win her, a statue I’ll dare
Of her with the grace of a fawn,
And like to a lotus-bud rare;
A statue that long shall rebound
To your reign and the glory thereof.
For there is yet no power in art
Can carve like the fingers of love.”

So Pharaoh the maid brought and told
The mission entrusted and said:
“I, Pharaoh will add riches too:
You will do well the sculptor to wed.”
The maid replied: “Sire, I love one,
And I bow to you, lord of the state,
But I cannot be happy save with
Him only who guards at the gate.”

The guard Pharaoh called then alone
And told what the sculptor would do
If he won the maiden, “Now guard,
If you win, what give me will you.
“Sire, said the guard, statues, I’ve none;
But if maidens you deem of aught worth,
I’ll bring, if you wait some slight time,
A maiden the fairest on earth.”

“Go wed,” ordered Pharaoh, “you wish.

My steward will grant your needs now.
But see that you do as you say;

I hold it to you as a vow.
Go wed her and take her away.”

He then called the sculptor, and said:
“You must wait, sculptor, some future day.
There is plenty of time yet to wed.”

The years they have passed nigh a score,
And Pharaoh sees naught of reward.
And oft he laughed slyly thereat,
To think he was tricked by a guard.
But grandly his own statues loomed;
And he said: “ ’Tis a joke to the throne
That lustre could come to my reign
By a maiden of flesh or of stone.”

The sculptor thought oft of the maid;
His hands were astute to his heart;
And his work a famed beauty displayed,
So that Pharaoh praised often his art.
But one day the guard has returned,
And with him one peerless to see;
And he said: “Sire, my daughter behold!
Has love sculptured other like she?”

Called Pharaoh the sculptor who came,
And gazed on that maiden of grace.
The sculptor though hoary and bent
Hailed the maid as the pride of her race.
And he fashioned a statue of her
That stood a delight to gray Time
To show what the maidens were like
When Karnak was still in her prime.

Ah, ruin now Karnak befalls!
Her temples are rifled and gone!
The raven flies over her halls!
The Nile laps the base of her stone!
But still from her columns, vine-caught,
A shy, virginal beauty peeps forth,
As of lover and artist who wrought
To make one immortal on earth.

THE SEASON'S METALS

The heart of Spring is silver.
The heart of Summer is gold.
The heart of Autumn is copper.
The heart of Winter is steel.

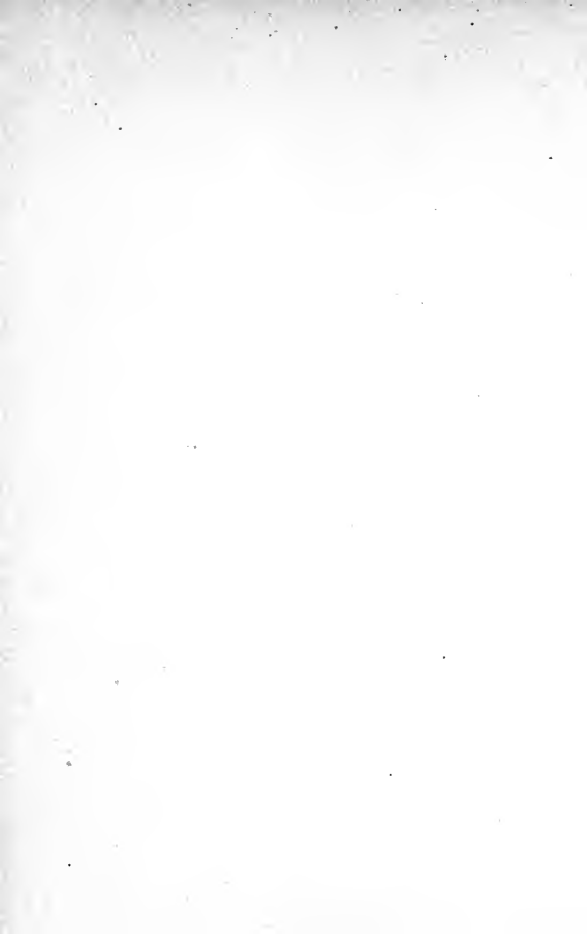
SAINTE CHAPPELLE

In Sainte Chapelle, my lovely one,
I stood with reverent heart and eye:
The light fell from art's magic sun;
The centuries passed in gorgeous dye.

The love, the hope, the long refrain,
The travail of the centuries,
Was pictured there, in glowing pane
That threw its light to charm and please.

The moons since then in robes so fair,
A ghostly band, have passed pell-mell.
Thy memory shall go with me e'er
As that grand hall of Sainte Chapelle!





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